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The Trail

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THINGS MENTAL

By STUART JAFFARY

Personality presents a fascinating study. One of the most interesting lives of recent times is that of Charles Lamb, the essayist, who throughout his life suffered from recurrent attacks of mental disorder. After such an episode in his early twenties (brought on, unfortunately, by an unsuccessful love affair!) Lamb wrote to his friend Coleridge:

"At some future time I will amuse you with an account, as full as my memory will permit, of the strange turns my frenzy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of Fancy till you have gone mad! All now seems vapid, comparatively so!" Today, Lamb's "wildness of Fancy" would be treated as a well-recognized form of mental disorder. His gloomy periods would be brightened and perhaps a larger number of his delightfully whimsical productions preserved for our pleasure.

A number of factors have operated in our time to increase the knowledge of mental disorders and consequently to change the outlook as to causation, treatment and recovery. The social sciences, particularly sociology and psychology, have made large advances, shedding new and important light on human behavior. Psychoanalysis, starting early in the century, has emphasized the importance of unconscious and emotional factors in behavior and given us valuable concepts of mental mechanisms. Behaviorism, that lusty infant, dramatically presents new angles on learned behavior and emotional connections. Binet and Simon, interested in the problem of the backward child in French schools, devised a measuring scale for intelligence which, spreading to America, has become an invaluable instrument for mental analysis. With its application came attention to the problem of the mentally deficient child and the need for his training and supervision.

Medicine, too, has contributed fresh light in several fields—the ductless glands and the importance of their secretions to physical and mental development and personality; the use of malaria in combatting general paralysis, previously considered a hopeless condition; the devising of new instruments for physiotherapy of all kinds—to mention but a few. The war brought a dramatic opportunity for application of the newer knowledge and much of value was uncovered, particularly in the field of causation and treatment of the neuroses. Since the war the educational work of the Mental Hygiene movement has defined the problem, pointing out its constantly increasing extent and seriousness. The appeal has not fallen on deaf ears, as governments everywhere, faced with mounting costs for construction and maintenance of mental hospitals, are now seeking to meet the problem on a wider basis, utilizing earlier treatment and prevention.

At the outset an important and well marked distinction will be made between two classes of mental patients. This distinction is that between mental deficiency and mental disorder. Mental deficiency results from a lack of intelligence—"from birth or from an early age"—as our learned English lawmakers phrase it. This deficiency at its higher levels is evidenced by intellectual dullness only, but lower down the scale includes the imbecile and the idiot. Mental disorder ("insanity" is the former term, now better used only in a legal sense) may occur at any level of intelligence and, as the name suggests, describes a condition of mental upset or disorder, transient or chronic.

The mental deficient was much in the public eye some years ago following the intelligence-testing craze—not to mention the remarkable discovery that the average mental age in the U.S. army was 13.8 years! Eugenic alarmists of the Wiggam type reaped a harvest from the sale of rather disturbing magazine articles and books. But more thorough inquiry has

calmed our fears of extinction by a flood of moronity in a few quick generations. The world is still safe for Joe and Vi!

The problem of the mentally deficient is a large and pressing one, on which the barest beginnings have been made. It is primarily a problem of training. Institutions are necessary for the care and training of the lower grade cases—roughly below IQ 50, the imbecile and the idiot group; for the moron group (roughly IQ 50-75) special classes in the public schools are desirable, followed by a measure of community supervision. The mentally deficient child is not the potential menace for crime or social misconduct which was formerly thought. Even without training many of them live decent, but probably useless lives in the community, whereas with a few years of training their lives would have resulted in a much higher level of social competency and personal happiness.

Mental disorder presents a more varied and perhaps more interesting picture. The popular conception of a mental hospital (of those who have never been in one) is summed up in one word "bedlam," which indeed gained its meaning from a London asylum. But this condition is now far astern. The modern mental hospital would probably present a distinct surprise to the visitor. Large, well planned buildings; light, airy wards with rows of neat beds (mostly empty during the day), opening into comfortable day rooms bright with flowers. Many of the patients are working—about the ward, in the hospital services, or about the grounds or farm. Others are busy in occupational work—sewing, basketry, woodwork, rug weaving—either on the wards or in the shops. Others, not so co-operative or dependable sit or roam around the ward engaged in their own devices.

Methods of therapy are interesting and varied. There is a frequent connection between physical and mental conditions. Often the patient is admitted run down and worried, and with the building up of his physical condition the mental state clears up correspondingly. For excited patients continuous baths of several hours

are soothing and de-energizing. Restraint by drugs (non habit-forming) is general as is seclusion of noisy or disturbed patients. Physical restraint is now rare (it defeats its own purpose) other means having proved much more effective. Straight-jackets and padded cells would be hunted for in vain. Hydro and physiotherapy are becoming increasingly used in the acute stages of disorder, while occupational therapy is rapidly gaining favor in re-interesting the patient in the world about him and restoring his own confidence and social appreciation.

One does not need to be a profound student of Dickens or Eugene O'Neil to realize that there is a wide difference in types of personality and that behavior of a certain kind is to be expected from a given type. This conception, so basic in the dramatic world, has also a large use in the diagnosis of mental disorder. In the major disorders the patient's behavior is often merely a strikingly exaggerated picture of his previous personality make-up. The extraverted type—the active, social, "doing" person, leans toward the manic-depressive psychosis; the introvert—the quiet, sensitive, retiring person, tends to show a reaction known as "schizophrenic" (skits-o-frenic). Between these two, with a strong thrust of suspiciousness, comes the paranoid. These three psychoses constitute the major types of disorder and are perhaps of special interest.

The manic-depressive, as the name suggests, may have two phases, one of mania and the other of depression. The manic is by far the most entertaining of mental patients. Possessed of a tireless activity, he engages in walking, talking, singing or writing for hours on end. He is elated and euphoric—happy, joking and punning, with a flight of ideas both annoying and laughable. His manner is peculiarly genuine and infectious—he is the life of the ward. The depressive phase presents exactly the opposite picture—a depressed, gloomy patient with physical processes retarded, and thinking slow and difficult. The two phases, probably of weeks or months duration, may alternate in the

same patient or the same phase may appear in recurrent attacks. Fortunately the outlook is good for recovery from any one attack.

The paranoid is a suspicious type. Usually of fair intelligence and a good economic history, his inherent suspiciousness and rationalizations begin to dominate his personality in middle or later life, until he becomes the victim of his own delusions, often shrewdly worked out. The outlook is not good as his delusionary system tends to widen and become more tenaciously held. The attack on this disorder rests in the early years—childhood and youth—when the sensitive, suspicious nature and tendency to rationalizing first appear in the personality, and may yield to treatment.

The schizophrenic is the largest group of patients in the hospital. Because of the early age of onset and the high chronicity this psychosis alone may account for half the hospital population. Several types are in evidence in this group, from a lower form showing emotional shallowness and quick deterioration, to types approaching the paranoid but less well developed. Psychology has affected the classification in this disorder and the modern tendency is to classify by "reaction types." Here, too, the outlook is generally unfavorable (though much improved by modern methods of therapy) and the emphasis is again on prevention. The correction of personality defects in early years is indicated, especially marked tendencies towards undue sensitiveness, indulgence in phantasy, or feelings of inferiority or insecurity.

Many other types are of course met with—the epileptic, the senile, the alcoholic, the drug addict—but the above are the larger groupings. As will be noted the emphasis in many cases is on prevention, a relatively new attitude in mental disorder and actively promoted by the Mental Hygiene movement. The background of this movement is dramatic. Early in the century there graduated from Yale a young man of good record and promise, Clifford Beers. Shortly after his graduation he developed a severe attack of manic-depressive disorder and

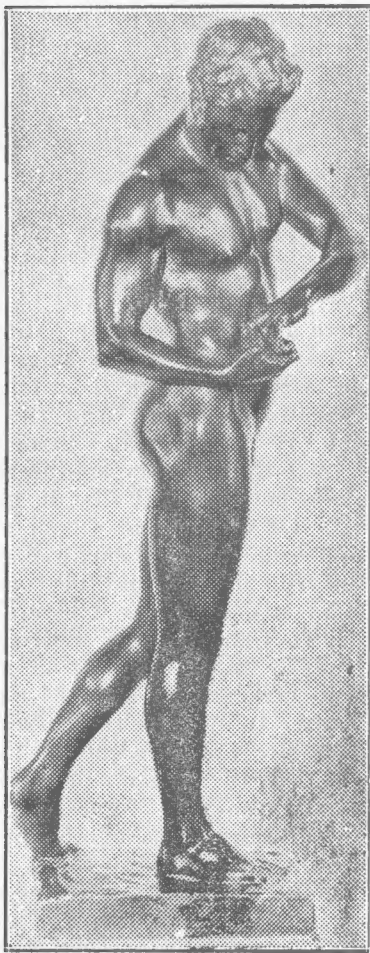
spent the next several years in the "asylums" of that time. (His experiences of this period have been vividly preserved in his most readable book, "A Mind that Found Itself.") The "treatment" in these institutions was forceful rather than enlightened, and his experience left with him an impelling desire to improve the lot of mental patients, whose cases were then so little understood. For this purpose the Mental Hygiene movement was founded in Connecticut in 1908. Due to his untiring efforts since that time this movement is now a leading force in securing improved standards of treatment for mental patients, and in encouraging prevention and treatment of the early indications of disorder.

It would be quite improper to write an article of this sort without presenting *some* statistics! A few only—perhaps of rather surprising content—will be offered. There are more beds for patients in mental hospitals in Canada than in all other hospitals combined, including hospitals for tuberculosis. And this bald statement is more than numerically serious, since the recovery rate in mental hospitals is perhaps half that in general hospitals. Of the present school population in Alberta, more persons will receive treatment for mental and nervous disorder than will enter the University of Alberta. In Canada there were (at the end of 1929) 29,500 patients in mental hospitals, a net increase of 1,334 patients in the year. In Alberta the corresponding figures are 1,500 patients at the end of the year with a yearly gain of 100 patients. These few figures indicate briefly the present size of the problem and its ever-growing importance.

No inspired declamations are necessary to point out the magnitude and growth of mental disorder as a social problem. The figures speak for themselves—and many others of capital and annual costs, value of time lost, and the like, could be added to swell the list. But the figures at best are cold devices. When the loss is put in terms of deserted farms, ruined businesses and broken homes some more realistic conception is presented. But much the most staggering loss is that of

wasted personality—human material that has taken money, time and care untold to build up, only to break down in hopeless dependency. Happily we have at our disposal increasing funds of money, knowledge and devoted interest to grapple with the problem.

"THE ATHLETE"



The University of Alberta's collection of works of art was notably enriched on November 20, when the Edmonton Academy of Medicine presented to the University Dr. Tait MacKenzie's magnificent

statuette, known as "The Athlete." Standing only about eighteen inches on its base, it is an exquisite bronze and it is ranked among the finest of modern pieces. The presentation was made on behalf of the Academy by Dr. R. G. Douglas. President R. C. Wallace made a graceful speech of acceptance. Short papers on Dr. Tait MacKenzie, Classical Sculpture, Medieval Sculpture, and Modern Sculpture were contributed by Dr. H. Jamieson, Prof. Burgess, Prof. Adam, and Major Norbury.

FIRST CONFERENCE ON LIBRARY SERVICE FOR ALBERTA

The first Conference on Library Service for the Province of Alberta is being held at the University as we go to press. Delegates are present from all the libraries giving public service in the Province, and from the more important organizations like Women's Institutes, Teachers' Alliance, U.F.A., etc., in the Province. Mrs. R. J. Russell is representing the Women's University Clubs, and Mrs. I. F. Morrison the Alumni Association.

The Trail commends the whole matter of efficient library service for our Province to the careful attention of all the alumni of the University. The proposal to call this Conference, it is interesting to know, met with a most enthusiastic response, and the prospects are that any reasonable project for the development of library service will meet with universal approval. The success of library service in any community depends generally on the intelligent sympathy of a few people, and it is hoped that the Alumni of the University will see in the development of our libraries an opportunity for personal service to the Province. A report of the proceedings of the Conference, with the more important of the resolutions that are adopted, will appear in our next issue.

ON A VOYAGE DOWN THE PERIBONKA

L. H. NICHOLS.

The Peribonka does not descend from its sources midst the clouds in northern Quebec by leaps and bounds, as do ordinary rivers, but by "chutes" and rapids of a different kind. The "chutes" are at places where the river is constricted to narrow channels which suddenly widen out again, down stream, in such a manner that the water piles up upon itself to incredible heights. Then as it pours out of the mouth of the defile, it becomes a sleek downward curve of black water which breaks out far below into colossal eruptions of brownish waters. This turmoil of waters below the "chutes" seems far more impressive than most waterfalls. Rapids, also, on the Peribonka are usually free from visible rocks, but owing to this fact and the great volume of the river, the speeds are tremendous and the waves and white caps, awe inspiring.

The Indians make the trip down stream every June with their families and with furs which they sell to traders on Lake St. John. The long laborious return journey to headwaters is made in August and September in canoes loaded down with supplies for the winter. It had often been noted that the women showed unmistakable signs of nervous exhaustion on arrival at Lake St. John, especially if their men were of the venturesome type. The following description may give some inkling as to the cause of this.

All was in readiness for the journey downstream. A fresh cool wind from the north came in strong puffs which drove away the mist of mosquitoes at each gust like the folds of a great curtain swinging from aloft. Jean Baptiste Moreau had his broad hand on the bow of the canoe as it rested against the steep-sided sand bank. With his help we seated ourselves side by side in the capacious middle part of the canoe with our backs against our pack-sacks. The Gagnon brothers took their positions, one fore and the other aft, and, after a few preliminary barks from the outboard motor, we were away.

We passed the mouth of the Manouan where its deep, foam-flecked, swirling waters joined the black flood of the Grande Peribonka. Onward for many miles at a fast clip we went, while the river opened out into vast stretches of twenty or thirty miles. Great reddish-brown rocky promontories, far exceeding a thousand feet in height, shoved their snouts out into the stream in regular and distant succession, not unlike a vista of giant gateways. Waterfalls poured down over the side of the precipices and the increasing northerly gale threw up a ravaging, pursuing sea which obliterated all marks of the river's rapid flow. Wind, engine and current combined to give us a speed of at least twenty-five miles an hour, and, as evening approached, we entered a more winding section of the river. Here the banks narrowed to less than two hundred yards, and the river hurled itself forward with increasing velocity and great eddies and wellings-up from below kept swinging our bow to this side and that. Ten miles more and we would reach a landing place at the head of a portage around the Two-mile Rapids. As we were following the right bank of the river to take advantage of the greater current on the outer curve, the Two-mile Rapids could just be detected by the drop in the horizon and a few dancing white-tops. A quick twist of the rudder and we were heading across the current for the landing place, when, without any warning, the motor stopped dead. In scarcely more than an instant our headway was lost and in another we were experiencing that strange "sinking sensation" which accompanies a sudden descent. Before a paddle could be extricated or the motor reprimed, we were face to face with the first big "comber," which surmounted a well of water apparently as high as the walls of a room. Somehow we rode it while quantities of water leapt over the gunwales. From our temporary eminence we could look down upon a long straight slope of boiling

white water. Our bow man had his paddle out by this time keeping the canoe head-on, and the man at the stern was energetically cranking the engine, but without avail. If only the engine could be made to act we might guide our frail craft down the side of the stream in water much less swift and, at the bottom, avoid the worst of the now visible "white-horses." We shot downwards in midstream with exciting speed; the water writhed and twisted and heaped itself up from the sides and roared like a train crossing a bridge. Our eyes were rivetted on the fast approaching bend in the channel, where the madly galloping "white-horses" passed out of view round the turn. Judging by the anxiety of our pilots it was all important now whether the engine could be persuaded to help us out. Again a mighty pull on the starting rope, a sputter heard above the hiss of foam, a welcome vibration, and we bounded over the waters. Even though we approached that menacing bend faster than ever, yet our confidence somehow immediately increased. The concentrated fury of the waters was upon us when, with the skill bred of a lifetime, our pilots swerved towards the left bank whereupon our craft, just grazing the rocky walls, was caused to leap down a steep slope on the inside corner. In an instant our bow was ploughing a great wave against a back-water and before we could properly regain our breath we swung out into a great placid basin with only the yellowish foam flecks and the distant boom of waters to prove to us that the last few minutes had not been a dream.

Another day I crossed Lake St. John from the village of Peribonka to Roberval and overtook several canoe loads of Indians on the way to Pointe Bleu, where they pitch their tents while conducting trading operations. As I gazed at them my mind pictured the Two-mile Rapids, Chutes Bernabé, Chutes McLeod, Chutes au Banc Sable, Chutes au Diable and the Chutes at Honfleur, and I paid silent tribute to men who are masters over these giant forces of nature as their forefathers were before them.

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER

BY GAMMA

This clever tidbit is an excellent example of the modern, or in fact, of any drawing room comedy. Mr. St. John Ervine has the happy knack of creating flesh and blood characters. They are humans who behave the way they do because of what they were in the beginning and because of Life's teaching so far. They skip lightly and rapidly from reason to unreason, from wisdom to foolishness, from strength to weakness, and then often back up to their starting point.

Before leaving England it was my good fortune to see the first production of this play, which is still running in London. I did not, however expect Edmonton amateurs to present so finished characterizations as Marie Tempest and Henry Ainley are doing at the Haymarket. The remarks which follow are therefore not based on a comparison of seasoned with comparatively inexperienced players, but are based on a realization of where (and perhaps in some cases how) the Little Theatre production could have been improved. There are doubtless reasons, adequate or not, why these improvements were not made, or were unattainable. They will not concern me here.

In general the characters were presented with discernment. Mr. Cameron, as James, impressed us as being a man of the world who knew his way about very well, in part of it at least. It is perhaps to be expected that he was at his best in the more energetic scenes. The two sons, played by Eric Gibbs and Geoffrey Bullock, stood out in bold relief from one another. Miss Kathleen Underwood gave us a glimpse of a whimsically thoughtful wife not at all understood by her husband, the smug elder brother. Mr. Richard MacDonald played the oft-rejected lover. He succeeded in making him adequately inconsequential, but failed to make him the likeable chap he is supposed to be. Elsie's hardness and flippancy were insufficiently accentuated by Miss Helen Carnes. She carried off some

scenes very well, but the lack of contrast was noticeable when Janet forces her to confess her love for Mario. The break and consequent change of mood should come suddenly. They were spread over too long an interval of time. Her conversation over the phone with Larne was excellent. Mrs. Biggs' rendering of the title part revealed considerable talent, and quite convinced us that it was in a very foolish moment, long protracted, that James left her for Elsie. She was, however, not completely enough mistress of the situation in her test of strength with Elsie. She was in no way relentless or irresistible. Things seemed to happen because the author had written the play so that they should happen, not because Janet was fighting hard, consolidating every advantage, and forcing the pace, which she obviously must have been doing since she knew her ground was doubtful. She did not show Janet's resourcefulness and mastery of the situation.

The pace of the whole production was too slow. At least fifteen minutes were wasted, due largely to a nodding rather than a close acquaintance with lines and cues on the part of nearly everybody in differing proportions. There was also a good deal of unnatural and unnecessary movement. "Puss in the Corner" is all very well at a children's party; adults play at it only for good reason. And

the business of serving tea over the end of a chesterfield looked rather difficult.

The Holroyd set was its usual elaborate and beautiful self. It required no changing so there were no long waits, and the short intervals were tunefully filled by Mrs. J. B. Carmichael and her orchestra.

The play lends itself to the wearing of showy clothes, but surely when their loan is acknowledged on the program the obliging firm gets sufficient advertising. To change the last act from late afternoon to early evening so that evening dress can be worn for mannequin purposes is surely setting a dangerous precedent! This change led to two glaring inconsistencies. James comes straight from the Court where the divorce decree has just been granted. On leaving, he has a present sent in from the jeweler round the corner. Neither of these things is possible in this day and age at eight or nine in the evening. It is illegal to purchase cigarettes or chocolates after eight of an evening in England!

In spite of these few imperfections the production was well received, and enjoyed by a well filled house. It is to be hoped that the Pantages Theatre will be available for the rest of the year. Mrs. Haynes has a difficult task in direction. She performs it well, and we are always sure she will give us something worth careful consideration and criticism.

From time to time notable addresses are given at the University. Such an address was given by Professor Alexander in connection with the recent celebration of the Virgil bimillenary. The University, believing that such a statement should be of interest to the graduates, has had it printed and enclosed with this issue of the Trail.

EDUCATION IN PSYCHOLOGY

By W.

The aims of education are set by society. Society requires that an educational product shall conform to the demands of the community in which he lives. In various circles and ages such conformity has meant anything from prostration of oneself before one's mother-in-law to the manipulation of a gas engine. Today in America the divers modes of conforming to the requirements of the commune are set down in text-books for teachers under the heading, "Aims of Education."

An educator who wishes to earn his bread and butter will not dispute these aims except in a passing moment of heretical speculation. He will accept them as the commandments of his social divinity and proceed to their attainment. Even in the methods employed for the realization of his objectives the teacher down the ages, and until recently, has been inclined to accept the dicta of his social traditions. It is true, of course, that here and there arose a great teacher or philosopher with an idea; but he had little effect on the mass of teachers who whipped their charges into shape for the appraisal of their employers.

Near the turn of the century, however, educators found themselves about to enter a new world. Nationalization and centralization of education, and a host of social and economic factors, forced the teachers to take a long look at school-room activities. Society began to appraise the educational product more with the eye of a connoisseur, began to demand more skill in general and specialized abilities to conform to its needs; and to meet the demands the teachers started a careful scrutiny of the process that goes on between the educator and the educand, the two poles in the bi-polar process of education. They searched the literature for men of wisdom and maxims of direction. They found Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Herbart, and made them the Lares and Penates of the teacher-training schools, and their works the sacred writings of pedagogy.

But the fathers of pedagogy were dead. Having given the science its life they were unable to make further contribution. It is easy to think that their theories and practices might have turned into superstitions and cults to retard the progress of thought; there have, indeed, been tendencies in that direction. On the other hand the continuously more severe demands of society might have been stimulus enough to keep thought fresh and practice progressive. Whatever might have been must remain a matter of conjecture for at the same time that philosophy entered the school-room she also entered the laboratory. Such a circumstance, whether by chance or by destiny, has meant the continuous nourishment of education by the produce of psychological experiment.

The last quarter of a century has witnessed a mass of psychological texts written, according to the title pages, for teachers. The new science of psychology studied mind, and it was apt that education, that profession that dealt with minds in the second two thirds of their genesis, should know what there was to know of its raw materials. It was soon discovered, however, that one may learn much about his materials and know little about how to manipulate them. Even Rousseau farmed out his children; and the pedagogical theories of Pestalozzi showed bizarre inconsistencies when he put them into practice. So, though a teacher may have known Wundt's *Grundzüge* from beginning to end, there was little assurance that he could turn out a blue-ribbon product from his school-room.

It is scarcely remarkable, then, that education should have seized so avidly those portions of psychological experiment that looked like tools, or of psychological theory that might be reduced to a technique. Ebbinghaus, Müller, Meuman, are names as familiar to educators as to psychologists.

In making its choices from psychology, education would like to think of itself,

perhaps, as a dilettante eclectic, tripping lightly through the mass of psychological literature and selecting delicately the choice bits of psychological experiment; but the fact of the matter is that from the standpoint of a simon-pure psychologist, education has been crude rather than dilettante. Educators, by the very nature of things, were obliged to set up a technology rather than a science, and they chose those aspects of psychology that would lend themselves to technological treatment.

So in Pintner's recent text-book in educational psychology, typical of the tendency in recent years, we find much on the measurement of intelligence, but nothing on thought; half the book deals with learning, but perception is struck out. There is a short paragraph, which says nothing, on imagery. In other words the book is a compendium of rules of thumb for the practice of economy in the school-room.

The situation is thus reversed; whereas in the early days of the century educators studied psychology and did not know how to apply it, now they apply it and do not know how to study it.

Such a statement is in no way meant as a disparagement of education or educationists. Pedagogy, as an applied rather than a cultural science, received the greatest boon in its history when psychologists decided that some sort of psychology of capacity was a field for psychological industry. Combined with the concept of individual differences the result of the psychology of capacity has been a set of tools in the use of which teachers may be trained in wholesale to take care of the ever-increasing in-take of the educational institutions.

The first characteristic of a psychology that could be applicable to the technological needs of education was that it might be stated in terms of what people do, in terms of overt responses. In the school-room the teacher makes certain passes at the child, and the child is expected to respond. The response is the only check the teacher has on his success. It would be of value to the teacher to

know how many passes to make, when to make them, where to make them, how long to keep them up, in order to produce permanently facile responses in the shortest time. So while the first need of education was that its psychology should be stated in terms of responses, the second need was that responses should be predictable.

When Ebbinghaus subjected learning and forgetting to quantitative treatment he satisfied both these conditions, and in so far as the work of later investigators has been amenable to objective description and measurement in so far have educators made use of psychology. A statement from Pintner emphasizes this attitude: "We have laid special emphasis," he says, "upon any instruments that have been constructed which attempt to measure these capacities and tendencies, because such attempts at measurement give us more exact knowledge of man's original nature."

Education has been no respecter of psychologies in the reduction of theories to its own purposes. It has not been greatly concerned, for example, whether we speak teleologically of intelligence as the capacity of the individual to adjust himself, or whether we speak mechanistically of intelligence as the comparative speed of conditioning, or whether, as Watson does, we say there is no such thing as intelligence. All that the educator has wanted is a tool that would allow him to predict that a child entering Grade I at six would graduate from elementary school at fourteen, twelve, or sixteen years of age, as the case might be; and when Spearman advises him that the intelligence test is probably a group of tests measuring a common factor of (*g*) and specific factors of (*s*'s) he has been only mildly interested. He perks up considerably, however, when Kelley tells him that when he gives the child a decent examination he is measuring to within ninety per cent. the same thing that he would be measuring by an intelligence test.

The problem of association which has bothered psychologists since Aristotle formulated the laws of association, has

had little interest for the educator. He has not cared, for example, how it happens that the sound "dog", and the word "dog" and the object "dog" acquire relationship. All that has concerned him is that they do acquire relationship; and when a psychological laboratory could tell him how to build those relationships with a minimum of effort and a maximum of efficiency then that laboratory has had the distinction, doubtful or otherwise, of the espousal of educational people.

Comparative psychology added its quota to education, as to general psychology, through the influence of evolution. Children were nothing but little animals, and the theories and techniques of animal psychology could be applied to them as well as to life below man. So Thorndike's conclusions that animals "learn simply by the chance formations of associations in their random experience," came for education to be not only true of the learning of physical acts but equally true of all kinds of learning. The extent to which education required objective and quantitative results is seen in the failure of the concept of instinct to be of value to the practice of pedagogy. It is true that some educators compiled books for children which purported to cater to the instinct dominant at a particular age; but the number of pages devoted to instinct in the educational psychologies has steadily declined until Pintner dismisses it with a passing nod of recognition. It may be said that in this regard education has only reflected events in psychology itself, but the concept never proved itself amenable to manipulation in education, and is probably retained in present day texts partly in fading respect to the progenitors of educational psychology, and partly with the idea that in a book called psychology some vague reference should be made to the interior workings of the individual.

The foregoing has been an attempt to harp hurriedly the fundamental tone of educational psychology. There are numerous overtones, as many as there are facts in education.

PRIMINISTRATION

BY DON BEE

An Alumnus Who Knew Bennett told me recently over a very tastefully-laid supper table that both Richard the Lion Hearted and The King of Many Names had been pleased with the result of the election. Gently lowering my third cup of coffee to the saucer, I asked him what he meant. With gracious condescension he reached for my cigarettes and proceeded to explain.

It seems that Mr. Bennett is a tremendous worker and a most persevering fighter, but is not noted for his erudition in the mysteries of political economy. On the other hand, Mr. King is a cold-blooded scholar who can call trade balances and industrial cycles by their first names. Mr. Bennett thought he could give Canada a boost up if he were given a chance to priminister. Mr. King thought that no one could do much boosting for the nonce so why not let Mr. Bennett wear himself out trying? Mr. Bennett had wanted the job since he was so high. Mr. King didn't want it.

Mr. King knew that his ideas were the only sound ones and Mr. Bennett knew that his were the only sound ones. Each wanted the opportunity to show that he was right, but Mr. Bennett thought opportunity knocked only once and Mr. King thought that there would be a subsequent and louder knock.

"If Mr. King didn't want to win the election, why did he work so hard?" I asked timidly.

"My boy," responded the A.W.K.B., "when a Prime Minister spends half his time talking about who is going to an Imperial Conference, he isn't working hard; he's stalling."

"Well, why didn't he fill all those judgeships that were vacant?" asked the Liberal lawyer (who figured he was just about in line).

"Simply," responded the A.W.K.B., with emphasis, "because a good man on the bench is lost to his party; and so are the half-dozen disappointed applicants."

And, as there seemed to be nothing further to say on the subject, the Judge told a couple of yarns about Paddy Nolan and we rose to tell our hosts that we didn't know when we had so enjoyed an evening.

Returning to the garret, I glanced at the most recent copies of the *Mudville Courier* and the *Ashhill Clarion*. Both had pictures of Mr. Bennett on their front pages, but over one were the words, "Has Proud Record of Achievement" and over the other, "Why Doesn't He Admit He's Failed?"

Whether Mr. Bennett has succeeded or failed is a most fertile field for argument. He has given \$20,000,000 of our money to relieve unemployment and has adjusted certain tariffs so as to increase certain pay-rolls and the price of prunes and window-glass. He has dominated one session of the new Parliament. He has shown himself to possess a marvellous capacity for detail by rising continually and without recourse to notes to answer questions on departmental affairs to which his ministers could only give blank looks. He has set a new standard of working hours for the "Premiers' Union" by reaching his desk daily at 7:30 a.m. He has created an impression in London,—but has sold no wheat to date. He demanded that the British government put a tax on foodstuffs, thus showing at the same time both the paramount position in his mind of Canadian interests and the striking boldness of his own character.

The most powerful portion of the Press was with him before the election,—and still is. Most of the influential Canadian papers are controlled from the Conservative camp, and in the present case this is highly desirable. In times of depression, confidence in the existing government is a consummation devoutly to be wished both by the members of that government and by those of us who argue politics in the better gutters. It would appear then, that Mr. Bennett was guilty of a sad blunder when he began to slap journalistic wrists for alleged inaccuracies

in reporting him. Even the ardour of the *Saturday Night* has cooled perceptibly.

Considerable difference of opinion exists as to whether Mr. Bennett really held the new House of Commons in meek subjection to his eloquence. His adoring followers point to the speed with which he dealt with the tariff changes and to the paucity of Liberal criticism. The Liberal members tell a different story. In the House they told the Prime Minister that they were willing "to be shown" and that they would postpone the argument until the new legislation had had a few months' trial.

Mr. Bennett took the helm at a dark time. If he can hold it with moderate success until the sun and the price of wheat begin to rise, people will forgive him his wealth and regard him as a name to conjure with. (And although we have never seen a man conjuring with names, we are still hoping to.) The factors making for his success might be numbered at four. In the first place, there is the momentum of his great drive to power. Second, there is the knowledge that conditions are not nearly as black as they were painted during that drive. Third, his proposals having been turned down by the present British government, they may be favourably received by the next one. Fourth, he is a tremendous worker, a picturesque personage, and a born fighter, and may possibly succeed where scholarly caution would fail.

And while he fights the nation's battles, the former champion is soothing his bruises, keeping in trim by light engagements and waiting. He can afford to wait. Whether he wanted to win the last election, or hoped to lose, or was indifferent, the odds favour his regaining power within the next seven years. Meanwhile, as he waits for the turn in the tide which must inevitably come, he has the consolation that for a time at least he is "freed from the haunt of public care."

THE MONOCLE

THE PRICE OF WHEAT

When I was in the aluminum business (and there may be other aluminumni among us) I discovered a profound economic truth. I found that instead of spending many hours trying to sell an elegant saucepan to a good woman who had bought two fairly good saucepans from my rival the week before, it was infinitely wiser to seek out another housewife whom my rival had overlooked. It is easier to find a new market than to sell your goods at the fixed price on a glutted market.

If you are prepared to accept this economic principle let me pass on to a second note equally relevant to the study of world conditions. In my eighth year I was determined to be a missionary and China was to be the scene of my labours. I revealed an exaggerated friendliness with the family Chinaman, and from him and from Sunday School literature sought to equip myself with all the knowledge and information necessary for my task. In such a frame of mind I heard a lecture delivered by a missionary but lately home from the Orient, and that lecture proved to be the turning point in my life. For he said, very casually, that the Chinese people of the average class subsisted almost entirely *on rice*.

Now at that time we had rice pudding once a week at our home, and we used to beg our mother to have it on Monday "so it wouldn't spoil the rest of the week for us." But imagine eating rice every day, or actually three times a day! Why that would mean soup would always be rice soup and probably even the porridge would be some kind of rice! The thought of it was quite too much for my resolution, and although I maintained a polite interest in the place for several weeks, I knew that I should never visit China, let alone make it my home.

But I have never ceased being sorry for the poor Chinese, munching half-heartedly on his rice (and a half-hearted munch is ample mastication for that stuff), and sadly reflecting on the thousand-odd

dishes of rice which will constitute his meals for the next twelvemonth. Imagine starting off a hard day in the rice-fields (the irony of that!) on a dish of rice porridge!

Sometimes I wish they had chosen me instead of Mr. MacFarland as head of the Wheat Pool. Probably he knows more about the grain business than I do; but as head of the Pool I might have had an opportunity to discharge that moral debt I have owed so long to the Chinese race.

Oh! if the Wheat Pool's policies
Were trusted to my care,
To right the major fallacies
To China I would fare.

And when I reached the Orient
I'd hunt up General Fu.
I'd see him just before he went
His ricen lunch to brew.

And him I'd soon initiate
To wheat flour's rare delight,
Till he began to wish he ate
Naught else from dawn to night.

Results would prove felicitous
In this experiment.
He'd say, "Please, sir, sell this mit us!"
(Note picturesque accent.)

So outwardly quite diffident
I'd sell a ton toute suite,
And then suggest that if he'd ent-
ertain his troops with wheat . . .

An army on such nourishing
Sweeps all before its way,
And soon Fu's flag is flourishing,
United is Cathay!

Four hundred million mandibles
Would soon eat all our wheat,
The bears would grumble and the bulls
Once more command the Street.

L'envoi to Mr. Bennett
If you must build us traiff walls
Whate'er the farmer thinks
Conciliate the Liberals
By filling all the Chinks.

Note.—Since preparing this thesis I have been informed of three facts which

RESEARCH NOTES

The Editor thinks that Science has been neglected in *The Trail*, and has asked us to prepare a short column packed with meat about the progress of research in the University. We trust that his optimism is justified. Indeed we see no reason why it should not be, since a goodly proportion of our graduates are or have been scientifically inclined. In this issue we will merely give a short account of the papers given last year before the various sections of the Science Association. From this on we will attempt to keep up to date.

Prof. E. Stansfield told about the commercial methods of drying wheat, and showed slides of two experimental driers designed here. *Dr. E. H. Gowan* gave a paper on "Ozone in the Atmosphere," outlining its prevalence and distribution, methods of measuring it, and its probable effect in raising the temperature of the upper regions of the atmosphere. *Dr. A. E. Cameron* gave an account of his mineral exploration in the pre-cambrian shield in the N.E. corner of the Province. This is the best hope for mineral development, but so far only general topographical studies have been made. *Dr. E. S. Keeping* gave a paper on "Wave Mechanics and Molecular Structure," showing the far-reaching effects of the new ideas in physical theory. At the last meeting of Section A *Dr. E. H. Boomer* discussed the industrial uses of natural gas and the

methods of transforming it into useful compounds.

At the first meeting of section B *Dr. H. R. Thornton* told about his work on oxidation reduction in milk, and the use of methylene blue as an indication of the number of bacteria therein contained. *Dr. J. G. Malloch* outlined the progress, here and in other places, of research in Cereal Chemistry. There is active co-operation among the universities on the prairie provinces and the Dominion Grain Research Lab, at Winnipeg. The various problems, such as the effect of spring or fall threshing, environment, previous crops, and irrigation water on the quality of the grain were included. *Dr. Geo. Hunter* gave an account of his biochemical investigations of blood. He was particularly interested in the non-protein nitrogen fraction and has isolated ergothionene, a substance previously unknown in blood. *Dr. R. M. Shaw* outlined the recent experimental work on the question of bovine tuberculosis, explaining how the process of immunization had developed, concluding, however, that much more work must be done before the use of virulent bacilli in inoculation is completely understood. At the final meeting *Dr. E. H. Moss* presented a paper based on observations of our parkland vegetation, the type of trees, their sizes, distribution, health and age being noted.

There were two meetings of section C. The first was addressed by *Dr. H. E. Smith* on "The Validity and Reliability of Teachers' Judgment of Difficulty in Curricular Material." This was based on observations in various schools. *Prof. G. A. Elliott* discussed the question of Import Duties and Fluctuations in Wheat Prices. He attempted to test statistically the accepted theories on the subject.

And that will be all for this time! It may be worth mentioning that the catalogue of publications by members of the staff is now complete, and in the Library.

somewhat alter, though not very greatly, the force of my contentions. I have learned

1. That the Chinese do not subsist entirely upon rice, though it is a most conspicuous element of their diet.
2. That the Wheat Pool exported to the Orient last year 4,285,000 bushels (acknowledgment W. B. Herbert).
3. That it was not rice but tapioca that was the object of my childish dislike (Diary, page 16).

FOUND—Recently, on the campus, a Class '22 pin. The owner should communicate with the Secretary.

EDITORIAL

To those, who either by personal experience or through the pages of "The Christmas Carol," have learned to appreciate "an old-fashioned English Christmas," the word "stirring" as applied to this colorful season will seem singularly appropriate.

In the first place there was the plum-pudding which had to be stirred, a sacred rite which in many a home required the assistance of every member of the family.

Then, of course, there were the sentiments and generous emotions which came in for their annual stirring. Miserly hearts must be touched either by ghostly visitations or by the pen of a Charles Dickens, so that Tiny Tim may not go without his Christmas dinner and Scrooge may be spared the bitterness of a remorseful old age.

Such was the Spirit of Christmas which stirred the Victorian hearts of our parents and satisfied them that the Child whose birth they celebrated was not born in vain.

But now as one more anniversary of the divine event approaches we may well ask, "Is there anything new to stir the heart of mankind?" or must we agree with the poet who sadly cried, "Whatever the year brings it brings nothing new!"?

The followers of Mills and the Utilitarian philosophy of life kept a Dickens Christmas and enjoyed their Christmas charity as a palatable seasoning to their plum pudding and old port, and there are many today who are still content to enjoy their cakes and ale while throwing their careless penny to the local charities.

There are others, however, who realize that a new attitude is absolutely necessary if the human race is to survive.

Whilst individuals may toss their conscience money over the garden fence to the beggar in the lane and nations may scale their tariff walls to waste a moment's pity and advice on the starving Chinese, there are others who see the inevitable approach of a truer brotherhood among men and nations or a terrible alternative.

The pudding of modern civilization is stuffed with rich plums, but there are many gazing hungrily through the window at the feast, too many for the well-being of humanity.

The churches of Moscow may lack worshippers this Christmas, but dare we say that the spirit of brotherhood is less alive in Russia today than in many other parts of the world where the sound of cathedral bells, however beautiful, may fall on ears made deaf by suffering and privation.

It is with very great pleasure that we offer to President Wallace our most sincere congratulations on the high honour recently conferred upon him. On October 24 at the installation of Principal Fyfe of Queen's University, Dr. Wallace was made an Honorary Doctor of Laws of that famous institution.

CAMPUS CHATTER

It is a criminological truism that the transgressor is urged by some deep psychic impulse to return to the scene of his misdeeds. Somewhere in the black abyss of his festered heart is some unfathomable power which forces his lagging feet willy nilly to the spot where his violence or lust surpassed the conventional bounds. Some such psychology must be at the base of the diabolical attraction which Inter-year Play Night has for the old Inter-year player. This year, tormented by accumulated work, weighed down by the multifarious cares which wrinkle the graduate brow, I had vowed on the simian bones of my ancestors to avoid as I would the plague, the old play-night contamination. I arranged to be busy on the night before the plays, I carefully neglected purchasing a ticket until the house was sold out, and then with pitiful ignorance I complacently assured the world that I would not be in attendance at the Inter-year Plays, but would be occupied that night writing Campus Chatter. Oh, empty boast! Oh vain avowal! At 7 p.m. I found my bones becoming restive, I found myself lurching Tuck-wards, with the old jargon of the footlights ringing in my ears, and by 7:15 I was back-stage with Dick MacDonald, admiring Amazons, peeping at the house through the drop, and eagerly snuffing through my dilated nostrils the old familiar smell of paint. Here on these very boards had I fretted and strutted, especially fretted. It was in this very spot that I had been stabbed, and over here I had gallantly pressed my feverish kisses on the heroine's grimy hand. All the memories of the crimes I had committed in the Thespian name came back to me in a vivid dream—old forgotten lines rang in my ears, the old excitement bubbled in my veins, once more in fancy I cursed Herb Surplis bitterly, once more in fancy I knocked Vic Gowan down with a manly gesture, the world was again mine for a moment, before I strode out into the night to write this. I had returned to the hallowed spot of my misdeeds, the hog had returned to his wallow, and was content.

The debate is over, the shouting and the tumult has died away, and democracy is secure for the time being. And now it can be told. Yes, we have a lot of inside stuff on the lads. While you in the audience saw nothing but the one limited aspect of our visitors, while you saw them perhaps only for a brief space upon the platform, and were able to consider them only as speakers and verbal wrestlers, some of us were more privileged, some of us were admitted into the Imperial presences and saw them without the veil as it were. And Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Mitchell are even more interesting off the platform than they are on. We had a session with Mr. Mitchell after the debate until 5 a.m.—Mr. Lloyd went to bed, and boasts of a very sonorous Welsh snore—he can also snore in English, but not without a bit of a burr. Mr. Mitchell gave us many instances of his versatility, and it seems a bit of a shame that his public activities should be limited to debating, able as he is in that line. It may surprise some of you to know that John is quite a virtuoso on the mouth-organ. His taste naturally runs to Scotch airs. His execution of the March of the Selkirks was a revelation to me. Under the wild lyric of the melody, one could hear the steady drone of the chanters (or is it drones?) and the solemn beat of the drums. Never have I heard such an apt rendition of the eery national tunes of Mr. Mitchell's native sod. It seemed to me, however, that at times Mr. Mitchell's technique assumed too great an importance, a little to the detriment of his expression. Such seemed to be the case in his offering of National Airs of Scotland. There was no denying the dexterity of his tonguing, his embouchure was perfection itself, his vibrato was soul-stirring, but it seemed to me that there was a something, a *je ne sais quoi* lacking, in the tonality of his lower register.

Mr. Mitchell, eminent as an instrumentalist, is only a slight degree less eminent as a vocalist. He favoured us with a medley of O.T.C. songs, and I was at once struck with the international character of the more Rabelaisian of them. Like our own college songs, these folk-

songs of the British army are packed with incident, replete with modernistic realism, and universal in their appeal. John also gave us the battle-cries of some of the universities, the most picturesque of which is from Glasgow, very unprintable, but haunting in its lyric sweetness when heard from a distance. Unlike our own yells, the overseas cries are tonal rather than rhythmic. Ours run to a rhythmic monotone, while the Glaswegian rally-cry consists of two long-drawn out notes at a third interval. With a large number, this must be most effective.

We hasten in this issue to kiss the large and sinewy hand of Kenneth (Scoop) Conibear, ex-editor-in-chief of *The Gateway*, who has been appointed Rhodes Scholar for this year. Scoop made himself very well known last year in his official position, expressing his views stoutly after careful consideration, sticking firmly to his guns and ignoring the more or less continual patter of weak reproaches. He incurred the enmity of the ignorant by a constant use of Latin phrases, which the less classical mind took seriously. Taking it all round Ken made a good job of *The Gateway*, and gave us a lot of fun, which he himself shared. He looks to be an excellent man to send over, rather cultured, well-stuffed with philosophy and Classics, dignified in appearance and manner, looks as if he should have no sense of humour, yet has plenty, runs to muscularity, physical and mental—should get along well with the English.

Ethical philosophy is his selected field, and it is our sincere hope that he may return to us eventually strengthened academically, philosophically and ethically, to argue once more about the "average man" and the "ideal bed."

We have just learned of the results of the Inter-year Play Competition. The Seniors won with "The Monkey's Paw" by W. W. Jacobs. The honours for the best performances of the evening went to Miss Nona Nicholls in "The Monkey's Paw" and Mr. Chris Jackson in "The Drums of Oude."

NEWS OF THE BRANCHES

CALGARY

A new slate of officers has been elected to control the destinies of the branch for this year. Their names appear elsewhere in this issue. A special committee has been appointed to look after the arrangements for the annual Varsity dance to be held at the Palliser Hotel on December 29.

The rugby team visited Calgary during the "early winter" in October, and were entertained by the Branch at a dinner and an informal dance. There was quite an enthusiastic turnout at this function.

President Wallace was in Calgary on Thursday, December 4th, and spoke to the graduates on the topic of "Alumni Education" in which he is keenly interested.

EDMONTON

The Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association varied its programme this year with an Alumni Ball, held in the Macdonald Hotel on Tuesday, November 25, 1930. Over 250 guests attended, including faculty, graduates, students and friends of the University. Several out-of-town members of the Association were also welcomed. Everyone appeared to have a good time, and it was unanimously agreed that the innovation had proved a success.

During the evening a telegram was received from the Vancouver Branch, as follows:

Vancouver, B.C.,
Nov. 25, 1930.

Mr. L. Y. Cairns, President,
University of Alberta Alumni Ass'n.,
Ballroom, Macdonald Hotel,
Edmonton, Alberta.

Vancouver Alumni send greetings. Though distant our thoughts are with you. All wish we could join you in keeping green golden memories of campus days. Your classmates extend to every Alumnus assembled at Alumni Ball sincere wishes for joy and happiness tonight and always.

(Sgd.) A. S. BARKER, Secretary,
Vancouver Branch Alumni Ass'n.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

President	Mr. L. Y. Cairns, '12, 11039 90th Ave., Edmonton.
First Vice-President	Miss M. Simpson, '22, '25, '30, 11122 88th Ave., Edmonton.
Second Vice-President	Mr. E. W. Stutchbury, '22, '24, Westlock, Alberta.
Third Vice-President	Mrs. D. H. McKnight, '22, 2707 Buena Vista Ave., Alameda, California.
Secretary	Mr. G. B. Taylor, '23, '25, University of Alberta.
Treasurer	Mr. K. R. Jamieson, '24, '26, 10503 Saskatchewan Drive, Edmonton.

OFFICERS OF THE CALGARY BRANCH

President	Mr. C. E. Stuart, '27, '29, 718 7th Ave. W., Calgary.
First Vice-President	Miss Gertrude Connors, '30.
Second Vice-President	Mr. A. W. Hobbs, '28, '30, 301 38th Ave. S.W., Calgary.
Secretary	Mr. R. R. Mitchell, '25, '27, 829 Royal Ave., Calgary.
Treasurer	Mr. James McMillan, '24, c/o Calgary Power Co., Calgary.

Members of the Executive:

Miss Mary Bowlen, '30, 3403 6th St. W., Calgary.
 Mr. Herbert Hutton, '30, 3624 6A St. S.W., Calgary.
 Mr. D. A. Hanson, '28, c/o Calgary Power Co., Calgary.
 Mr. Herb Surplis, '30, 1645 21st Ave. W., Calgary.
 Mr. Orin Olson.

OFFICERS OF THE EDMONTON BRANCH

President	Mr. J. R. Love, M.L.A., '20, 12228 113th Ave., Edmonton.
Vice-President	Miss Dorothy Dixon Craig, '27, 11025 Saskatchewan Drive, Edmonton.
Secretary	Miss Helen Edwards, '19, 11312 99th Ave., Edmonton.
Treasurer	Mr. H. R. Leaver, '15, '16, 10915 74th Ave., Edmonton.

Members of the Executive:

Miss Helen Carswell, '29, 9350 107A Ave., Edmonton.
 Mr. Roy Jackson, '15, 22 Scott Block, Edmonton.

OFFICERS OF THE VANCOUVER BRANCH

President	Mr. H. S. Coulter, '17, 475 Howe St., Vancouver.
Vice-President	Miss Ellen Graham, '29, 1433 Harwood St., Vancouver.
Secretary	Mr. A. S. Barker, '26, 526 Standard Bank Bldg., Vancouver.
Treasurer	Mr. H. L. Gale, '25, 3569 29th Ave. W., Vancouver.

Members of the Executive:

Mr. W. Armstrong, '19, 3887 15th Ave. W., Vancouver.
 Miss B. Lawson, '24, Vancouver General Hospital.
 Miss D. Young, '27, Vancouver General Hospital.

OFFICERS OF THE WINNIPEG BRANCH

President	Mr. W. B. Herbert, '23, '26, 21 Fairmont Apts., Winnipeg.
Vice-President	Miss Jean Folkins, '27, Children's Hospital, Winnipeg.
Secretary-Treasurer	Dr. W. F. Hanna, '22, '23, Rust Research Laboratory, Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.

The January meeting of the Edmonton Branch will be held in the Lounge, Athabasca Hall, on Tuesday, January 27th, at 7 p.m. Dr. R. C. Wallace, President of the University, will address the meeting, and it is hoped that all members of the Branch, as well as any visiting members of the Association, will make an effort to be present. The last dinner meeting proved a great success, with a good attendance, and there is no reason why our January meeting should not be the largest in the history of the Branch.

VANCOUVER

The re-organization meeting of this Branch took the form of a dinner on October 22. Thirty-four enthusiastic members were present. The business meeting was preceded by Latin Grace, a sumptuous repast, songs, and an inspiring address by Professor Friend Day. After adoption of the constitution, officers were elected as indicated above. Alumni visiting Vancouver are urged to get in touch with a member of the executive.

ALUMNI NOTES

Between this and the last issue the Association has sponsored two radio programs over CKUA, the University station. The innovation, which I feel sure is largely the suggestion of *Sheila Marryat*, '23, the radio secretary, affords an opportunity for giving, at least to Alberta graduates, more up-to-date news than do these columns. Now, however, I feel a bit puzzled because of the inevitable repetition of items—so those who listened in must skip these pages. Before going further I must mention that the following alumni contributed willingly and delightfully to the musical part of the programs: October 22—Mrs. *E. Willis* (nee *Reva Studholme*), '25; *Grace Studholme*, '25; Mrs. *F. G. Sutherland* (nee *Wilma Coone*), '27; and *John McGregor*, '26, '30. November 26—*Alan Harvey*, '19, and *Ted Gowan*, '23, '25. The "responsible parties" were Mrs. *Willis* and Mrs. *C. A. Brine* (nee *Margaret Gold*), '18, '24. We should be glad to hear from other Edmonton members who could help in this way, and should also like to know whether many alumni listen in and what they think of the venture. . . . Now for the mail bag!

1912—1919

The first letter hits a nail right on the head. It is from *W. S. McDonald*, '15: ". . . My personal news is to the effect that we have a change of address to chronicle. This summer we moved from Calgary to Ottawa (35 Renfrew Ave.). I have an appointment here as Assistant Engineer in the Chief Engineer's Branch, Dept. of Railways and Canals. The only alumni I have discovered here as yet are *Helen Cautley*, '30, and *Shirley MacDonald*, '25, '28 (now in the Dept. of Trade and Commerce.—Sec.) I fancy, though, that there are several more . . . Those Alumni Notes are ever and ever drawing the net closer and closer about the Good Old Days."

"Miss *Cautley* tells me she is with the Public Library. Although I was in Montreal a few days this summer I did not see *Jack McAllister*, '24, who is, I under-

stand, one of the bulwarks of the Sun Life."

The sentence which has been italicised is the one which I want you contemporaries of Mr. McDonald to read again. There *is* very little about the pre-1920 crowd in these columns—not by design, but for these two reasons: First, the writer is relatively a newcomer, and second the actual numbers of graduates since the war are, comparatively, so much greater than during it or before. I deplore the fact, but can only use what is sent to me—so come along with your letters, you "Seniors"; we don't want the family circle to get lopsided!

I am glad to be able to say that Dr. *W. F. Gillespie*, '14, '21, has fully recovered from his encounter with a street car last June, and that he is particularly grateful to those alumni who visited him in hospital. *J. E. Buchanan*, '14, who, I suppose, is practising law, kindly writes from Lacombe to supply the address of *Anton Bures*, '24, and remarks that Anton occupies an important position with the Wheat Pool at Regina and is doing well. My list of lost members remains long, however. *W. B. Poaps*, '16, is principal of schools at Hardisty, Alberta. 902 Avenue Road, Toronto, is the home address of *C. P. Hotchkiss*, '13. *Hotch* is western manager of the F. P. Weaver Coal Co., and reports thus: "Met *Roy Clarke*, '20, '23, on Bay Street a few days ago. He is living in Toronto and is now Eastern manager of the Royal Financial Corporation." Big business beckons! *Thomas Murphy*, '16, is now manager of the Monarch Life Assurance Co. for Northern Alberta at 208 C.P.R. Building, Edmonton. *Gordon Kidd*, '16, of Drumheller, was an Edmonton visitor the first week in December.

1920—1923

Dean *Wilson* of Applied Science handed me a business card the other day with this inscription: "Union Engineering Co., *E. S. McKittrick*, manager, 5905 Pacific Blvd., Huntington Park, California." None other than *Elmer*, 1920—the man.

with the slide-rule! "I have just read the last copy of *The Trail* with much pleasure," says *Susie McLennan*, '22, writing from 2040 E 96th St., Cleveland, Ohio. "I always read the news items with the hope that I'll find another alumna(us) in or near Cleveland. Surely some of the crowd pass through this beautiful city, and I should be delighted to see them. It is interesting to hear that at last there is a new gymnasium fund, and I do hope they carry through the idea of a swimming pool. You see, I am teaching Physical Education in one of the largest high schools here, and can't help comparing conditions here and in Edmonton. I hate to admit that the U.S. is ahead of Canada in anything, so you see I'm not an American yet. . . . Aren't there a lot of alumni in Toronto (Quite enough for a branch, I'd say—Sec.)? I go through there quite often, and should like to see some of the Alberta crowd." *Fred Batson*, '20, can always be relied upon about this time of year for a note with a suitable enclosure. This time he says: "I had a surprise visit from *Doug Simpink*, '22, last month. He was on his way to Chili and the nitrate mines. He had with him his wife and two lovely children. Doug looks the same as he did seven years ago before he buried himself in Chili and later in Quebec." Fred's address is 292 Middlesex Road, Buffalo, N.Y., and Doug's is c/o Anglo-Chilean Cons. Nitrate Co., Tocopilla, Chili. One of our prodigal sons (at least in the way of wandering) is back in Canada in the person of *Leonard Huskins*, '23, '25, and his wife, who was *Margaret Villy*, '22. Len is Associate Professor of Genetics in the Dept. of Botany at McGill, and hopes to be in the West next spring. He mentions the Alberta "flavor" at McGill, referring to Dr. *Collip*, '24, '26, *R. L. Kutz*, '26, '28, and *R. U. Harwood*, '27, '28, who are in the same building. The flavor is much more pronounced than that, as *Harwood's* letter below indicates. If you get out your map of Africa and find Walfisch Bay, on the southwest coast, then run your pencil northeast

about 150 miles, it will indicate the present location (Omaruru, S.W. Africa) of *Bill McDonald*, '23, his wife (nee *Frances Joyce*), '26, and *Walter Jewitt*, '27. Here's good luck to them.

1924—1926

Arthur Putland, '24, '27, of 201 South Marks Street, Fort William, spent a few days in Edmonton recently, renewing old friendships. He is organist of Wesley Church and supervisor of music in the schools. The following note speaks for itself: "I note from *The Trail* and from other sources that a number of U. of A. people have been through Chicago in the last year or so. I am the only DeMille in the telephone book and am employed by the First National Bank, which is the easiest bank in Chicago to find, and therefore do not understand why none of them looked me up. The only reason I can see is that very few of us know where the others are located. I would suggest

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repeating the idea used a couple of years ago, of giving the names of all Alumni with their last known address. . . . For your information *George LePage*, '21, is employed by the Corporation Trust Co., 112 W. Adams Street, Chicago—Telephone State 6170. Chicago is not nearly so dangerous as the newspapers might lead you to believe, and it is quite safe for anyone passing through to stop long enough to look up George or myself. We might even be able to show you a few sights worth seeing." The writer is *W. E. DeMille*, '24, 8221 Knox Ave., Niles Center, Illinois, who came up for the 21st Anniversary in 1929. This is not the only invitation that has been extended from our eastern brethren. To anyone contemplating a trip I should only be too glad to give a list of addresses of alumni on their route. A "directory issue" of *The Trail* means much work and considerable extra expense, but one will probably appear within a year or so. Does anyone second the motion? *Percy W. Downing*, '25, is another exile: "Lost? Not now, perhaps. But strayed, sans doubt. Sunny Alberta would look pretty good to me at any old time." His address: Mohegan Lake School, Mohegan Lake, N.Y. How many of you read in Maclean's of the sterling work of the Canadian Trade Commissioner in Dublin in connection with the capture of the Irish Free State trade in electric stoves by Moffats, Ltd.? Did you recognize the said Commissioner as our own *Jack English*, '25? What a hole in the Dept. of Trade and Commerce if you abstracted *Roy Stevens*, '15. (who by the way is back in Ottawa from Peru), *Ponzi Palmer*, '23, *Cliff Bissett*, '25, *Lester Glass*, '27, and the aforesaid *Jack*!

I learn that *W. G. K. Bloor*, '25, is practising law in Mundare. Hard to find a place in the province where at least one of us hasn't hung out his shingle. *Jean Williamson Whitelaw*, '25, puts an unused postcard to good use to speak of "our" house at 78 Iona St., Ottawa (congratulations would seem to be in order—G.B.T.). She goes on to say: "Just now we're in a most chaotic state, having decided to redecorate ourselves." Gallantry compels me to say that Alex may need

it, but . . . !

Coming to the 1926 group I have a brief note that indicates *C. H. Robinson*, '26, to be inspector of schools in the Lamont area. On one of my rare visits to the Tuck recently I ran across *Elizabeth Wood*, '27, of Hardisty. She confessed that nearly every one about the place was a stranger to her. *Eva Jagoe*, '26, writes from Lacombe (she teaches there, I believe). Her enclosure made the treasurer skip like unto a lamb and he doesn't do that for just current fees! Miss *Patrick*, to whom I am indebted for many bits of news about the "House Eccers," tells me that *Winifred Moyle*, '26, who has been in New York, is now a nutritionist for the Winnipeg schools, and may be addressed at 2 O'Meara Street.

1927

A newsy note just in from *Dorothy Werthenbach*, '27, Indian Residential School, Brandon, Manitoba. She says: "I'm doing the high school work here and find it novel if not fascinating. There are 150 little Indians of all ages, grades and disposition. As yet I've discovered no other U. of A. grads here but *G. F. H. Buckley*, '20. He and Mrs. *Buckley* are on the Experimental Farm next door, and we have great chats around the fire-place about Alberta and Albertans. *Frank and Monica Lynch-Staunton* (nee Adam), '27, are on a ranch at Lundbreck, Alberta; *Nancy Rudolph*, '27, a librarian in Vancouver Public; *Marian Jamieson*, '27, teaching at Pincher Creek, and *Harriet Stewart*, '27, ditto at Macleod." Dorothy also sends in an item for the Vital Stats and "all good wishes for the good work." These are appreciated indeed! Would that some other classes had equally competent reporters. *Eric Stuart*, '27, '29, popular president of the Calgary branch, was admitted to the bar (appropriately enough by Chief Justice Harvey) not long ago. He is practising with the firm of Porter, Goodall and Rankin. *J. G. Morrison*, '27, is engaged in P.G. work in chemistry at the University of Southern California, Los Angeles. The letter-head of the Dominion Experimental Farm, Indian Head, Sask., carries the legend: *B. H. Wilson* ('27), Assistant in Horticul-

ture, and W. W. Cram ('29), Assistant in Live Stock and Poultry.

Now for my "pièce de résistance" from the point of view of 1927. (I have added the "years"):

1025 Sherbrooke St. W.,
Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Geoff:

In appreciation of the October number of *The Trail*, I am enclosing a postal note, which should ensure further copies. One certainly appreciates *The Trail* as a means of keeping touch, especially after you have pulled up your Alberta stakes.

Since I came East last May I have run across a number of former Alberta students and graduates... I met Jack Lehmann, '25, '27, in Toronto, but have not seen him since. While I was there in September I met Bruce Brown ('27), and Johnnie Maclean (J. H. '28?). These two and Eardley Allin, '27, were here for the Toronto-McGill game today. I also saw J. A. McPherson, '29, who is in the Dept. of Physics at Toronto. Last Spring I saw Murray Sturrock, '26, and "Bill" Mueller, '26, several times. They are both Ph.D.'s in Chemistry and are with large industrial concerns—I don't recall their addresses. (Can anyone else furnish them?—G.B.T.) Glen Klingaman, '27, '29, who is in chemistry at Northwestern (Chicago), looked me up on his way through Montreal. . . . Since September there have been a number of Albertans at McGill. I may not be able to remember all of them. There were Hugh Morrison, '30, on his way to England, and Clarence Laverty, '28, on the street car one evening. I see Gwen Toby, '26, and Dorothy Sproule, '30, on their way to lectures. Have run across a number of the Med boys, including H. H. Ellis, Wallace "Doc" Boyd, '27, Ed Wright, '27, R. E. (Bob) McKechnie, W. S. Archibald, '28, John Cram, '28, Henry Scott, '28, Syd Hobbs, '28, and Jack Gerrie, '24, '27. . . . Jack Sutherland ('26, '28, 522 Sherbrooke W.) and Ronald Richardson, '30, are both in chemistry here. Bert Rawlinson, '27, is also here doing P.G. work (in anatomy,

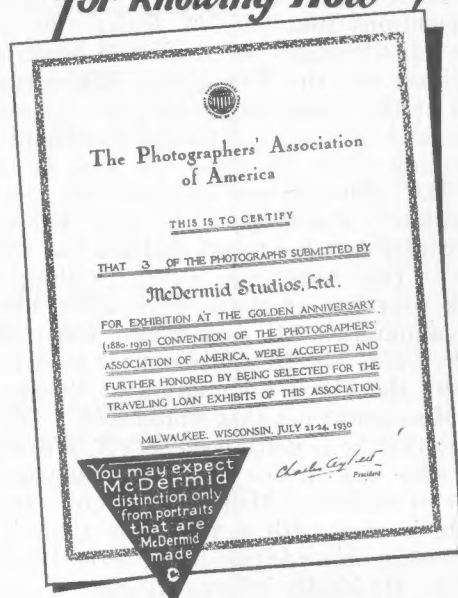
presumably). I see Russell Kutz, '26, '28, every day as he is completing his Ph.D. work in Biochemistry, under Dr. Collip—as I have hopes of doing. I may have missed some (!), but I don't think I overlooked anyone in Class '27. . . . Cheerio, yours, R. U. Harwood, '27, '28."

Now I say that that's a noble piece of work, and have no hesitation in recommending R. U. for first-class honors in altruism. Here's our best to him!

1928—1930

From Montreal to Vancouver is a long step, but Gladys L. H. Smith, '28, has taken it. Her address is 4645 West Fourth Avenue. *The Trail* has been going to Winnipeg addressed to J. I. Lesik, '28, but I find that he is practising dentistry here in Edmonton at 403-4 Moser-Ryder Bldg. Alan S. Galbraith, '28, writes from 34 Conant Hall, Oxford Street, Cambridge,

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for knowing "How"!*



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Mass., to say: "The Alberta contingent at Harvard whose deficiency in quantity gives us, I hope, a right to infer a corresponding high quality, was reduced substantially last spring when Dr. ('23, '24) and Mrs. *C. D. Reid* left for Rochester, and Dr. *Leone McGregor*, '25, for Hamburg. (Eastman Kodak Co.'s stock went up five points the day they hired Dr. Reid.) This fall, however, two of our graduates (or one, since they are married), *John*, '24, and Mrs. *Cassels* (nee *Gladys Sorenson*), '26, came down, so that I am no longer a singular phenomenon (at least not singular *that way*!) Alberta needs some rich alumni: now. (Hear, hear—Sec.) This place built two Houses for the House Plan last year, a new field house on the athletic field this summer, and a new House, some small dormitories, a physics building and several other edifices are going up." Wonder what *Alan* will say when he hears about the abandonment of the gym plan! I can always rely on that stout fellow *Pat Bowman*, '28, for a note in the autumn. This time he mentions that "*M. D. Kemp*, '30, is here (Lethbridge) as Assistant District Engineer on the Provincial Highways. Was at the Coast last month for a week or so, and saw many of the boys and girls, including *Stew Dawson*, '23, who is in the B.C. Electric on hydroelectric construction." *Pat* shoots in his fees "before the winter gets too tough and I go on the dole." The treasurer would willingly work overtime if there were more like this alumnus. All that I can learn of *E. F. Cain*, '29, from his note is that he is with the Mayo Foundation at Rochester, Minnesota; but that would seem to indicate that he is getting on. *T. B. Major*, '29, who was in the accounting department of Solloway Mills & Co. before the crash, is now with a wholesale firm in Edmonton, his address being 9644 105th Street. He kindly informs me that *W. K. Gish*, '25, '26, is teaching in Stettler, that *J. M. Whidden*, '28, is associated with the Wheat Pool in Edmonton, and that *J. E. Beach*, '25, is with Thompson & Dynes, Ltd., his home address being 11441 126th Street. I have chronicled the doings of some of Class '30 above. Two more items

concern *Agnes Starkie* and *Vera Palmer*. The former is continuing her work here as the holder of a scholarship from the National Mental Hygiene Council and "Tommy" is teaching commercial subjects in the Lethbridge High. I miss my guess if she is not actively in touch with basketball down there! Her address: 536 12th Street South.

Deadline—the press clamors for copy and will not be put off. So I'll close with the time-honored wish to each of you:

"A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year."

Fraternally yours,
THE SECRETARY.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

KRAUSE—At Camrose, September 18, 1930, to Dr. ('26) and Mrs. M. E. Krause, a son.

HUSKINS—On July 10, 1930, to Dr. ('23, '25) and Mrs. ('22) Leonard Huskins, a daughter, Olwen Margaret.

DEAN—At The Pas, Manitoba, on October 6, 1930, to Mr. W. J. Dean, '28, and Mrs. Dean (nee Margaret Stafford, '29), a son.

NEWTON—At Edmonton, Oct. 23, 1930, to Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Newton (nee Agnes Fuog, '21), a daughter, Agnes Elizabeth.

McQUEEN—At Saskatoon, Nov. 15, 1930, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McQueen, '20, a daughter, Jenniser Robertson.

SANFORD—At Edmonton, Oct. 26, 1930, to Dr. and Mrs. Guthrey Sanford (nee Muriel Tregillus, '20), a daughter, Eleanor Muriel.

WEDDINGS

BIDDLE—STEELE—At Ponoka, June 26, 1930, Ethel Mildred, '21, '27, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Steele, to Rev. George Biddle, of Calgary.

LANGSTON—WOOD—At Vancouver, in August, 1930, Kathleen Wood, '29, to Dr. Robert Langston, '28.

DEATH

McQUEEN—At Edmonton, October 22, 1930, Dr. D. G. McQueen, B.A., D.D., LL.D., for many years a member of the Senate.

CKUA

The Association will provide radio programs from 6:30 to 7:00 p.m. on Dec. 24, Jan. 28, and Feb. 25. Suggestions for and criticisms of these programs will be welcomed.